## BARBERING OVER HERE NOT LIKE HOME VARIETY

We Had Mud in America, We Have Grown Used to War Bread, But Monsieur le Coiffeur Is Still Very Much a Stranger

If you are nursing an idea that at some time in the near future you are coming to France, start right now and collect together all the razors you can get your hunds on. If you haven't the money with which to buy them, beg, horrow or steal—well, you know how Rastus got the melon.

Don't stop with razors, but bring along all the louse shaving sticks, brushes and talcum'powder you can cram in your barrack bag. You may not need all of them yourself, but you'll sure find someone over here who elther forgot to bring an outfit or didn't think he would need one that didn't belong there that get most. Presently, the scene was set for both Buck and me. I looked over at him and talcum'powder you can cram in your barrack bag. You may not need all of them yourself, but you'll sure find someone over here who elther forgot to bring an outfit or didn't think he would need one. Finally, the artist stops whetting his razor and begins to mean. I make out that he's singing, but couldn't catch any of the words.

\*\*Raser.\*\* he says, turning round and \*\*Raser.\*\* he says, turning round and \*\*Raser.\*\*

To convince you. I'll testify to the conving.

After riding all night in a misplaced refrigerator, my outfit landed at a liftle village in France. I'd gone ten days without a shave, and when we'd finally located for the night, Buck Sears came up to me rubbing his face with his right hand and holding a hunk of brown bread in his left that looked like a submarine after a depth charge had exploded under it.

It.
"How's your whiskers?" he says.
"Mine's so tall they're all fallin' over."
And he makes another dive at the toy sub.
"Ain't you got no razor?" I says.
"Plum forgot to bring one," says
Buck, like he was down in a well some

"Crawl out of that loaf o' punk," I says, "and we'll see'f we can find a barber."

### Soothing Top's Feelings

We promised the top-cutter we'd bring back some essence of grapes so's not to burt his feelings any by disappearing in a strange land, and started out looking

hurt his feelings any by disappearing in a strange land, and started out looking for adventure.

We attracted some attention—we two woolies from the West. When we'd pass anyone, they'd wait till we got by and then they'd stop and look back, like we were a couple of suspects that everyone was hep to.

"Gosh! Did somebody pin a sign on your back or somethin'?" Buck asks, looking me over. But there wasn't anything there.

We went on a ways and came on some children playing in the middle of the street.

street.
"Penny! Penny-penny!" they all started shouting at the same time and dove for us like we were long lost grand uncles or something.
"I thought we left these kids back at that town we came through this morning—ah, what you call it?" Buck asks

### Must Have One Somewhere

Must Have One Somewhere

"Maybe we did" I says; "but they've caught up with us again."

After we'd made our escape we started looking for a burber shop.

Now, if you don't know what to look for over here, you've got a job on your hands trying to find it. We went into alleys, back doors, front doors and even landed up in a cellar, but we failed to find a barber shop.

"Maybe they ain't got such things in this country," says Buck.

"Yes they have!" I assured bim. "I remember reading about one once."

rhere was another guy there who and a second chair and I made for that, while Buck takes the sent up front.

You can use any kind of a chair over here for a barber chair. The only way the plain dining-room chair differs from the chairs used by the French barbers is that it's more comfortable and you can lean back further. The architect who designed the French barber chair sure was short on geometry and physiology. He patterned the sent and the back affer his square and forgot that the human spine has a slight bend in it.

I sat down in the thing and waited to be tipped back. In front of me was a large mirror, where I could see myself straight in the eyes while the execution took place. Had I harbored a grouch over something. I'm afraid that sitting there that way summing yourself up



But he goes on putting his hone and

"Go on an' wash your own face," says Buck, "you'll feel more like

dried, he grabs something from a table

Too Much for Buck

oe away like he didn't hear me.

walkin' back to camp." So I did.

After I'd got my face washed

'He was goin' to paint my lips with some of that red stuff

looking me over. "Ou blen couper les front chair harber by the shirt collar mid he's getting ready to choke him.
"I want a shave." I says.
"He looked hewildered.
"A shave!" I barks at him. "Shave! of business! What's the trouble, any-

"I want a shave," I says,
He looked bewildered,
"A shave!" I barks at him,
"Shave!"

"A shave: To barks at him. "Shave: Shave:—Shave!"

He seemed to get me. He took the razor and made motions of cutting his own beard.

"He wants his toe nails clipped!"
Buck breaks in on our argument, but I stops him and nods my head to the barber.

Then the trouble started. He wrapped

Then the trouble started. He wrapped a handkerchief around my shoulders, tucked one corner down the back of my neck and began spreading his lather like whitewash.

### Like American Brother

After we'd made our escape we started looking for a barber shop.

Now, if you don't know what to look for over here, you've got a job on your hands trying to find it. We went into alleys, back doors, front doors and even landed up in a cellar, but we falled to find a barber shop.

"Maybe they ain't got such things in this country," says Buck.

"Yes they have!" I assured him. "I remember reading about one once."

So we elimbed the stairs and starts out again.

Presently, I saw a man through an open door whetting a razor. He was guing his shoe for a strop. Over the door was a sign reading "Coffeur."

"Here's a koffer" I says, reading the joint.

"Bonkoir!" says the guy whetting his razor.

"Bon-what?" Buck asks him but he didn't say anything back.

We shook off our blouses while-the stage was being set for our execution. There was another guy there who had a second chair and I made for that, while Ruck takes the seat up front.

You can use any kind of a chair over here for a barber chair, The only way the plain dining-room chalt differs from the chairs used by the French barber chair such barber chairs used by the French barber is that it's more comfortable and you can lean back farther. The architect who designed the French barber chair such as the contract of the stage is that it's more comfortable and you can lean back farther. The architect who designed the French barber chair such as the plant of the stage is the razor.

Just Like American Brother

During this performance, e displayed some of the skill of his brother barber on a displayed some of the skill of his brother barber of the skill of his brother barber on a sand.

His new act was to selze the razor.

His next act was to selze the razor.

Never dil he offer to soften my was bas so the sun

## Just Like Barney Oldfield

I looked over at Buck again and he was looking at me, a kind of sickly smile curling his lips, "How does it go?" he says, "He's got as much speed as Barney Oldfield." I tells him, "but how's it

The left and the chair.

Buck lets a grean out of himself and silps an inch forward in the chair.

I looks around and my friend's got a pan of water in front of me and mak-

# MOTHER GOOSE

Sergeant O'Keefe has come to grief— His men? It is hard to find 'em. Though they have no maps, they'll be back by taps, Each with his tale behind him!

A diller, a dollar, a diligent scholar, O'er what do you wrack your bean? It used to be the infantry drill, But now it's a Ford machine!

There was a mess sergeant who lived in a hut, His boarders contracted a pain in the

month to feed,
Which lessened their love for the Army indeed.

Corpr'l McBlooem, he went to the Q.M. To get his poor squad some shoes; But when he got there the Q.M. was And so the poor squad's bound to lose

Hickory, dickory, dock, The bugler followed the clock. The clock was fast and the bugler was gassed; Hickory, dickory, dock.

Jack and Bill went up the hill To get a pall of water; Along came a shell—Bill ran like hell, And Jack came humping after!

Hey-diddle-diddle! The Loot, in the middle
Of night, waked the whole platoon;
The bunch got sore at the false alarm
And got even by cussing the moon.

NOBODY HURT, BUT-FOR DOUGHBOYS

Ba-ba, Canteen-man, have you any Bull?
Yes sir; yes, sir—three bags full.
One for the capitain and two for the cook.
But none for the doughboy a-bathin' in the brook!

Sermony O'Kerfe has a my a specific property of the coupling the property of the coupling the broad. The men were in the dugout. They beard a shell coming. Then it the brook!

door, and went smack through the soup-kettle.
"Nobody hurt, but hell, look at the soup!" was the report of the sergeant a few minutes later.
"That's one boy that certainly came in without knocking," he added as he surveyed the soup-sodden floor.

## THEY'RE ON THE WAY

There was a mess sergeant who lived in a hut,
His boarders contracted a pain in the gast,
For he forced them on slum for a whole and it is being filled in the American way.

One of the roundhouses is in France One of the roundhouses is in France now and nearly erected, and another is being transported to the site it will occupy. The others will be here shortly. They will house the stenning steeds of the chemin de fer of the American

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### ing motions like he was washing his A.E.F. WAR WRITERS "Sure," I says, "I want my face washed. Do you think I want to go home lookin like this?" IN THICK OF THINGS

Three Correspondents Get Close Call When Boche **Shelling Starts** 

dried, he grabs something from a table and points it at me.

"Loke out—he may have that thing loaded," Buck warns me.
But he was too late. It was loaded all right with some kind of hair tonic or something. When he turned it on it was like a hose. The stuff hit me in the face and ran down my neck, reminding me of an Oregon rain storm.

Then this guy comes at me with a powder puff like Sister Susie lugs to church with her. It's soft and fuzzy and tickles my face. SHRAPNEL NICKS HEADGEAR

French Doctor Binds Own Wounds and Sticks to Post in **Dugout Hospital** 

Three A.E.F. war correspondents had narrow call the other day on the occasion of the first shelling of an American rest-billet village by German artillery the three being Herbert Corey of the Associated Newspapers, Lincoln Eyre of the New York World, and C. C. Lyon of the Newspaper Enterprise Associa

Together they were standing in the village street, looking for all the world as peaceful as the group in "The Auge-ius," when all of a sudden--

WHANGO!

When Lincoln Eyre looked around, he saw Lyon picking himself up from the ground. A shrapnel fragment, striking is Carnegie "bowler," had knocked

The next thing Eyre knew he himself was stunned, his ears filled up by a hollow roar, and his eyes registering giddlig on a lot of things that were going about his head like a merry-go-round. When he recovered—quite unfurt—he made his way to the improvised dugout hospital in the village not so much for treatment as to watch an American medico-major and a French medecin do their work, side by side. In other words. heir work, side by side. In other words, he got right on the job, the minute he

he got right on the job, the minute he came to.

Corey's version of the incident is this;

"The shrap shell [the one that registered on Lyon's head] had given the German gunners the precise range. Things began to happen so fast that I was dazed by the speed of it. Four big shells fell almost amongst us.

"Eyre was in the middle of the street—I do not know how be got there, for a moment before he had been at my side—when I saw him stagger. He had been stunned by the shell that had wounded a French soldier."

Then he adds what Eyre, modestly, did not add:

"Eyre and the Frenchman had been trying to reach a wounded man, just as the shell came." So I gave the Artist No. 1 a five-france note that I'd got on the boat and got it all back in change but half a franc, which he had the nerve to retain for prosecution fees. "What happened in there?" I asks

"Why," he says in low tones, "do you know what that bird tried to do to me! He was goin' to paint my lips with some of that red stuff actors use to make

as the shell came."

After that Corey went along with Eyre and Lyon to the doctors' dugout hespital. He was standing by the door, chatting nonchalantly with the major and the French surgeon when—but let him tell it:

"I do not know precisely what happened. But there was a flash and an enormous sound and instantly the alteredy smoke filled air became dense. I picked myself up inside the hospital door."

He discovered that the two doctors

were also picking themselves up. He and the American major were all right except for a few bruises—the lot of any man who falls with force on a hard floor—but the French doctor had been wounded in three places. Nevertheless, the Frenchman, as soon as his wounds were dressed—and he dressed them himself—rejoined his American colleague in looking after his men. And, according to Corey, the American verdict at such plucky action was: "If he don't get a decoration, it'll be a damn shame!"

The three much tossed about and buffeted correspondents sat in the hospital dugout until the bombardment died down. They waited a good ten minutes to hear another explosion—nothing doing. Then the colonel, their host, started out of the dugout, up a stairway that led into a redolent kitchen.

"Supper time," he announced, with military brevity.

The trio needed no second invitation. As Lord Bacon did not say, "Shelling maketh an empty man." ere also picking themselves up. He and

## OLD COLLEGE STARS ON LEAGUE'S ROSTER

**Engineers Went Through** Last European Season Undefeated

The —— Engineers are organizing a baseball league, it includes teams representing four companies of the regiment at Camp —— and several other organizations there. The regiment includes a number of well known athletes, former college players and several old pros and several old pros and

ground. A shrapnel fragment, striking his Carnegie "bowler," had knocked him off his feet, and battered a good sized dent in the belimet itself. Lyon wasn't hurt; but a man can't have a stray gob of shrapnel bean him on top of his artificial crust, thereby making a noise like the gong announcing the last lap of the relay race, without saying something.

As to what Friend Lyon said, Friends Corey and Eyre differ. Friend Corey says that he said "Ouch!" Friend Eyre insists that he said "Hell!" Lyon, the victim, modestly refuses to commit him self, Perhaps, after all he doesn't remember what he said, and who can blame him?

Eyre's Turn Next

The next thing Eyre knew be him self was: stunned, his ears filled up by a hollow roar, and his eyes registering giddily on a lot of things that were going about his head like a merry-go-round. football and baseball, of Carnegic Tech. In addition to these players the com-pany has Munus of Pittsburgh High, Woods of Greensburg High, and Damon, Demond, Tench, Yount, Sloan and others of amateur fame.

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Men Transplanting **Great American Vice** "Ching gum?"

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mark by making his request "ching hing" gum, but chewing is a word which so far has defied the juvenile tongue

With the Christmas larger cities. flood of packages from the States came chewing gum and, after that, its introduction to the coming generation, is the generous soldier.

Chewing gum has corrupted whole French towns. They have got the habit, and it is about as serious as the tolacco scarcity. It is a commonplace now for an American soldier to receive ten requests for "ching" gum between the Y.M.C.A. hut and quarters.

so far has defied the juvenile tongues for this land.

Chewing gum wasu't entirely new to France when the American soldiers for "ching."

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